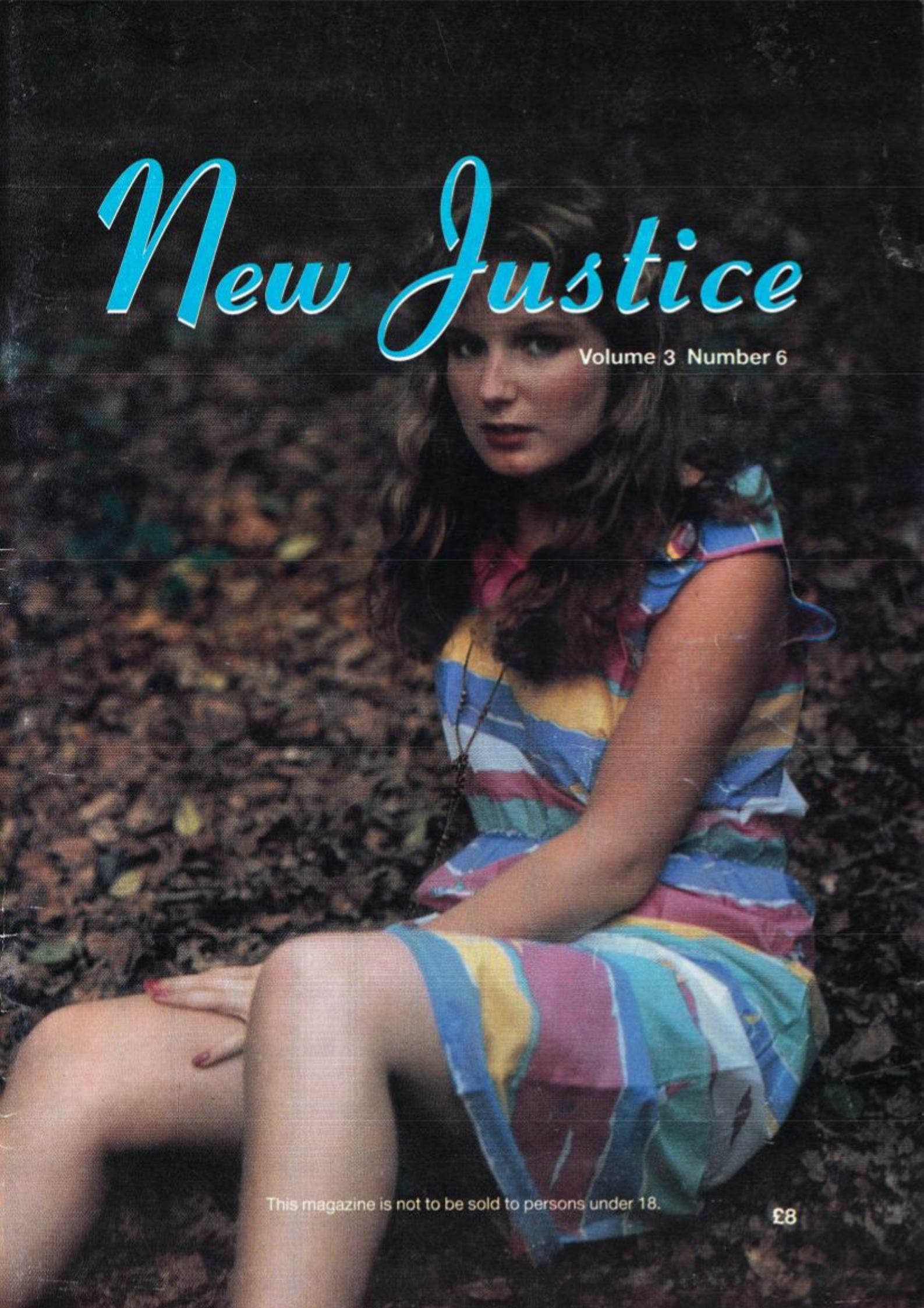
New Justice
Volume 3 Number 6
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£8

24
FIRE RETARDANT BEADS
JUMBO
BEAN
BAG
Hico
BEAN

New Justice

Volume 3 Number 6

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NO CALLERS

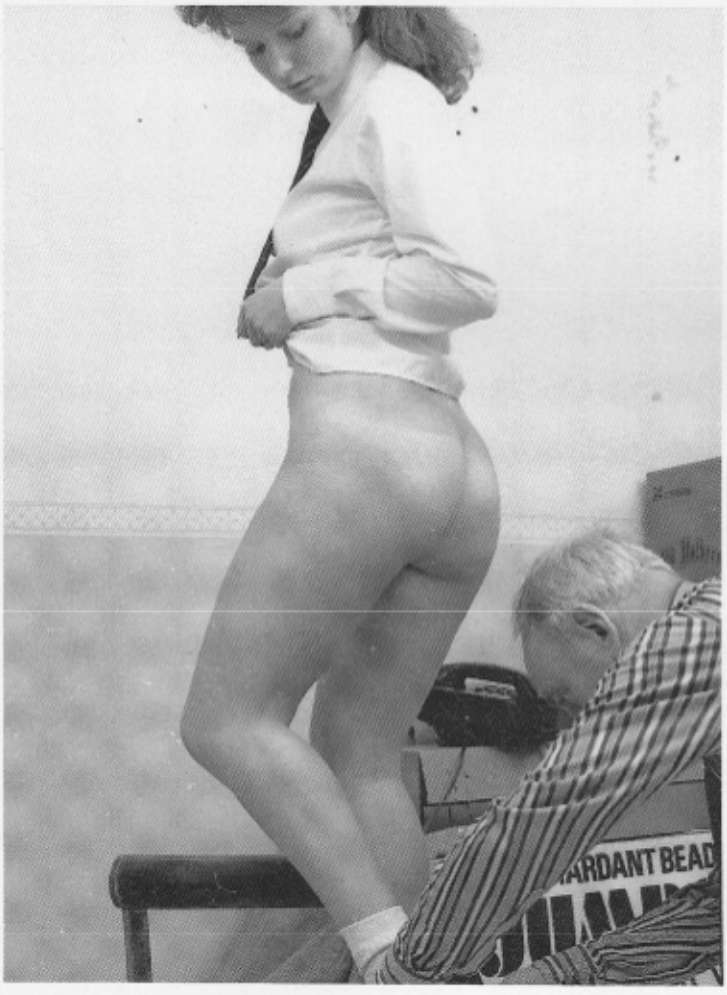
THE PENANCE

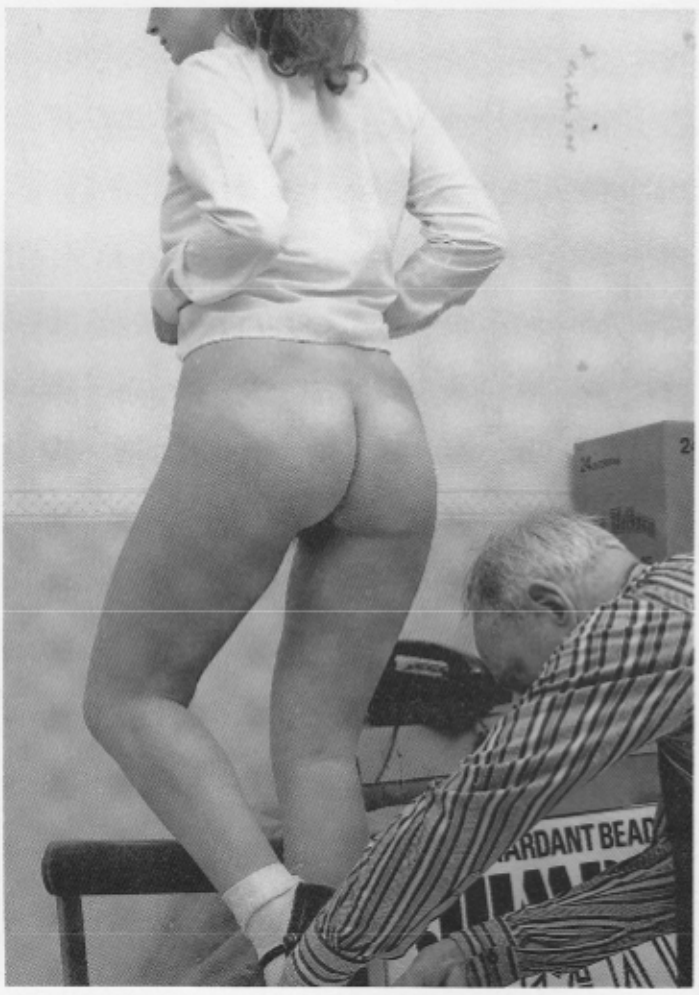
'Look after the Store whilst I'm at lunch, John.'

'Right,' old John responded.

'Looking after the store' was another way of asking the old storeman to sit in front of some seven or eight screens and watch the numerous shoppers as they walked round the large departmental store. John liked this part of the day. He could enjoy his favourite fantasies as young women paraded round the different counters doing their shopping. He could easily, in his imagination, strip any young person that took his fancy and he was able to zoom into anyone he chose, and when they were retreating from the camera he was easily able to zoom the lens and focus onto rounded posteriors happily enjoying the hip swaying hips of the unbeknown and unsuspecting customers.

'Mmmmm....all very nice,' he mused as a number of sixth formers draped themselves before his staring view. Five young bums, properly dressed in school uniforms were now filling the screen in front of him. Might just as well study the full compliment, he thought. So five shapely older girls dressed buttocks were the focal point. He was just imagining them undressed when he saw something in one of the other screens. The vicar's eldest daughter. The school captain and advertising her rank with white shorts, not blue, and also keeping herself apart from her friends.





Part One

Hico

24
EADS

'Charlotte,' he mused. 'Lovely girl. Just look at those shapely titties mmmm...some day somebody is going to enjoy having those to play with' he thought to himself. He zoomed into the breasts of Charlotte...

'Very nice...start to walk away, Charlotte,' he said to himself. 'Show John your bum in those tight fitting shorts....'

He started the camera into "record-mode" just so that he would have the pleasure of watching it at home Then he felt his hairs start to rise at the back of his neck..he could not believe his eyes. She was removing merchandise like jewellery and conveying it very secretively into her large handbag. It was being done very deftly too. Bag onto the desired piece and then when she lifted the bag she had her hand beneath it and lifted the jewellery with it. Very clever...crafty little bitch. The camera continued recording faithfully and she managed to spend some minutes removing store property and then not paying for it...he stopped the recording and removed the film. It was easy to replace a fresh film, his mind went into overdrive as he planned and schemed his next move.

Already he envisaged a shapely young girl pleading with him not to reveal her naughtiness, and he, magnacious in his attitude to forgiveness would be only too willing to keep the secret between just he and her...for her part she would be so grateful to him that she would happily accept his alternate suggestion of punishment...because all naughtiness had to be punished. And in John's book that meant bare bums, bare breasts and bare everything else, all this of course, would be included in postures of exacting obedience. He might be an old man, but there were still a number of situations that he particularly enjoyed especially when it came to naked and nubile young ladies.

'Charlotte,' his old kindly face smiled benignly.

'Oh hello, John' her impatience was hardly well disguised.

'Just been shopping have we?'

'Yes. Now I must get home...I have a lot of homework,' she made to move off.

'Oh...if you are going to be in for the rest of the afternoon I can get the police to call on you there,' he told her.

He watched the colour rush to her face and then rush out again.

'Sorry? I don't quite follow,' she had stopped dead in her tracks.

'The property that you took from the store,' he spoke quite matter of factly as though this was the sort of conversation he had every five minutes.

'I...I don't know what you are talking about,' she tried to shrug it off, but her face was a decidedly beetroot colour.

'Charlotte...there is only one vicar's daughter...and that is you...and I have it all recorded on this,' he showed her his film.

Why? Why oh why??? Her mind seemed to be able to form one line of thought and that was self incrimination and conscious.

'I...I still don't know what you are talking about,' she tried to sound self assured but her position was getting weaker by the second.

'Care to come to the warehouse and see?'

Did she have any choice? And why wasn't he calling the police anyway?? Miserably Charlotte sat on a wooden chair looking at the incriminating evidence as the film unerringly reported her thieving episodes.

And then, of course, came all the attendant reactions. Daddy?? Mummy?? Her relations?? The Schoolmistress? Oh Lord, what a mess!!!

'Isn't there anyway I can...well...pay for these,' she looked at the display of the material that he had insisted she remove from her bag.

'Got five hundred pounds and then some?' he asked serious faced.

Miserably she shook her head and her fingers were intertwined as she wrung them nervously.

'Then there isn't that way you can pay for them,' he was trying hard not to burst out laughing with the serge of sheer delight that was filling his very soul. Young Charlotte I am going to see you with no clothes on and I am going to listen to you as you plead with me very nicely to smack your bare bum!!

'I was not thinking money wise,' she blushed furiously.

'Oh?' he blinked in an expansive manner.

'I meant that....well...if you called the police then I would be punished by a Court.'

'Yes...I would say that is a pretty reasonable assumption,' he was still keeping up a charade of being ignorant of what she was driving at; although he had to admit that he was singularly delighted with her train of thought. She had not waited for him to suggest the alternative, but had saved him the unnecessary chatter of what she would have to do to be relieved of the public shame and disgrace. It was getting better and better by the minute. It was going to be delightful to the extreme to hear her making plaintive overtures to his better nature!

'Obviously....this escapade deserves punishment,' she did not want to be so crass and forthright...but John was a simple minded type and would not be able to understand any innuendoes...she would have to lay it on the line without frills.

'That is another fair assumption,' the straight faced storeman responded.

'Well...I thought that perhaps if we could come to some arrangement whereby YOU punished me YOURSELF ...well...then..that would sort of...you know..put the matter right.'

This was proving very difficult!

'You mean you WANT me to punish you. Physically. Like a spanking on your bum,' he said wistfully.

Her face was already puce. At the express condition he was suggesting she went even deeper like a red tomato.

'If...if that is what it will take to get me off the hook, yes,' she had to agree.

'But I think that is too simple,' the storeman told her, again blinking his eyes in an exaggerated manner.

'Simple?' she almost choked.

'Yes. I think you ought to be prepared to make a full example of penance,' he said in his normal tone and as

though he was used to having this sort of conversation all day long.

Surely he was not suggesting a sexual liaison! A noticeable shudder went through her body.

'What...what would you interpret as a penance?' her voice was audible, but only just.

'You ought to know all about penance,' he told her as though in anger and that her attitude was one of stupidity.

'I know all about praying of course.'

'No don't let us get into that sort of fantasy realm,' he had read the phrase somewhere and it seemed a good response to her stupid suggestion.

'What I had in mind was that you and I ought to get together...in the warehouse...and you are not only punished on your naughty bottom but you also have to show me just how very, very obedient you can be when I tell you want to do...like standing still when I have taken your clothes off...you are in charge of the Girls Brigade...you ought to know all about standing to attention...except this time, you won't have any clothes on, and we can present you as I stand or sit you on a pedestal.'

Perhaps John was not quite so simple after all, she reasoned as she felt herself getting ready to burst into tears or faint on the spot. She already felt rather shaky on her legs, and with the idea now cementing itself into her mind, she could only visualise herself being the puppet of this crafty old man! It wasn't his fault though. She had

been the one stealing the Store's Property and he had reasoned that he was being very fair by giving her a chance to redeem herself privately instead of all the publicity...he had used that tack several times and she was wishing that he would just stop referring to her parents, the media and the court rooms. It was making her very distressed because she knew that in the end she would have to accept his stringent terms and that her precious body was about to be used for his sole pleasure.

And Charlotte had a very shapely young torso and she did not want to have old John the storeman mucking about with it...spanking, caning or shaping it for his pleasure.

'Well...it's make your mind up time,' he smiled indulgently.

'I...I don't think I have any choice,' she shuddered for the umpteenth time and as she gave a helpless shrug, she felt the twin nates of her bottom clutching tightly together as though to form a defence for the oncoming business of exposing it, bending it and then having to plead with him to smack it.

'Now, you just stand up on this chair,' he smiled.

He wanted to be able to inspect her intimate areas very closely and he knew that he would not be able to look at her if she was on the ground.

As she stood sheepishly obeisent to his dictatorial tone, her eyes studied her lower torso helplessly as she felt and watched her shorts being eased down her lovely legs. If her mouth had not felt glued up, she would have begged him not to humiliate her like this, but her tongue seemed

tightly clutching to the roof of her mouth and then to her abject horror, she was actually denuded below the waist. Hapless, she looked at his nimble fingers undid the buttons of her blouse and then her shame was enhanced as he eased the garment apart to expose her breasts. She had very shapely titties, John concluded. They needed no brassieres to expose their full thrusting qualities...the nipples were responding to the change of temperature once the blouse had been opened wide and the two flint hard knobs pushed out from the islands of her aureoles.

'Ooooh....no...no...please,' she protested when she felt John's hands close over the prominent flints of her benippled breasts...

Despite her natural protective reaction, she still remained as he had instructed her. Then he wanted her hands on her head and this too added to the attractive helplessness of the posing girl.

'Alright...take the blouse off,' he watched the anguished surprise that flashed into her eyes, and yet now, she seemed resigned to do as she was told.

With the removal of her shorts and the revealing of her breasts, it seemed that she had shed whatever modesty she might have had and that all that remained now was to do as she was told. Her anguished breathing was still very obvious and then her clothes were completely shed and the lovely Charlotte was well and truly posing in her glorious nudity.

'Hands on your head,' he told her gruffly.
John was amazed that she obeyed without the expected complaint and what he would have expected as protest...her soft doe like eyes were looking at the floor, she was being postured like this, on a chair and her whole body was reacting to her shocked system. She shivered inwardly when she felt the palm of John's right hand slowly stroking up her lower legs.

'Please,' she thought, 'please don't go any higher...oh no...' her knees and then her inner thighs were being explored by his ascending palm. She felt her legs tighten in muscular defence but she knew there was just nothing she could do to stop those hands travelling where he willed them to and there was no way in which she could hold herself impervious to the soft teasing thrills when she felt his hand almost at the vulva softness between her legs.

He made her stand stiffly to attention and warned her in his best military tone "not to move".

When his finger tips brushed through the triangle shape of pubic hair, she had to admit to strange little thrills...his middle finger found the crack of her quim where the sex mouth met her tummy and as he stroked just that part of her slot, so Charlotte felt the natural reaction of tickling sex-sensations rippling into her crevice. Under any other circumstances, she knew that she might want to let this progress...but not with old John, she didn't! Then his other hand came up and she nearly jumped from the chair when she felt his hand stroking her bottom. He squeezed but he had to warn her to stand still and he even made her push the cheeks back slightly to enforce the attractive roundness of her bare bottom.

'Mmmmm.....yes, I think we shall enjoy spanking this,' he mumbled as he gently tapped both cheeks and then resumed feeling the area freely.

Charlotte was still responding the burning heat revealing the shame she was suffering in the puceness of her face. She was beetroot red and was still trying to think of a way out of this terribly shameful situation. Then he seemed to remember that his other hand was still holding the inner

thigh with her soft lipped sex resting on his finger! He moved his hand slightly in a backward and forward motion so that he was in all truth stroking the full length of her dampening sex mouth which could only respond to the light caressing movement.

He was pleased now that she had come into the store and he was pleased that she held herself in such high regard so that she would suffer ANYTHING at all rather than be exposed. His mind did not have to work furiously to scheme out several delightful little tasks that this naughty young torso was going to perform for him...and even now, he was studying the stiff standing attitude of the lovely girl as he let his hands wander freely over her tautly held body.

'Yes...yes...' he mumbled again, 'I think I rather like this,' he eased his hand between her slightly parted thighs and once again let himself enjoy the soft silky texture of her skin.

'Ever been spanked before?' he asked her suddenly.

'N...no,' she blinked back the tears of helplessness.

'I think you should have been,' he sounded disappointed.

He would have dearly loved to hear her telling him how she had been punished but he felt he could not have everything in this life!!

'But you have had this before,' it was a statement, not a question.

'Aaaaaghhher..yes..yes,' she jerked out as she felt him deliberately rubbing his finger tips along and into the groove of her labia.....

Charlotte had not expected him to caress her like that at that precise moment so that when he did stroke her forcefully, it made her go all shivery and strangely nice in a fruity sort of way!

'Like the boys doing this do you?'

He stroked some more and she wanted to pull her prized sex away from his rude caresses, and yet she felt inwardly that she could not, and indeed she must not.

'Aaaaaghhhh...yes...well sometimes,' she was confused and she certainly did not want him to think she was promiscuous.

'But the boys don't do this if you don't want them to,' again he was letting his hand enjoy the perfect freedom of her sex aware pussy...

'No...ooowerr...no...they don't,' she was now without the slightest defence to her own system in the manner in which she was reacting...there was no mistake about it, than despite his age, John had managed to get her all juiced up and she was enjoying the thrills that were running rife through her body...even when he eased a middle finger into the tight slot of her sex vacuum, she could only inwardly let the shock waves of sweet thrills strip her of her pride...

'Ooooowerr....mmmm.....aaaagher,' she crooned as the sweet thrills grew from smouldering waves of warmth to blazing heated flames of sheer sexual activity inside her quim...her previous experiences had been with boys...boys who did not have the knowledge on how to tease and titivate...young bloods who could only think of their own hardness and something that had to be satiated as quickly as possible. With John she had a completely different situation...he could keep this sort of thing up for a month without even thinking of his own sex state..his pleasure was being derived through the one manner in which he enjoyed...the caressing, the instructing and the dominance of the lovely young girl now letting her legs slackly part so that his fingers were able to do as they pleased with her.

John realised that she might easily topple from the chair and so he sat her on it..now, with hands on her head, her breasts thrusting perfectly and her legs opened he was

able to lean over from the side and his eyes were able to study the soft receptive hole into which his middle finger was engaged in helping her to attain a sexual response which up to now had not been known.

'Enjoying this aren't you?'

His tone was almost accusing!

'I...I don't know,' she lied.

Charlotte was only aware that she was thrusting her thighs as wide as she could get them and she did not seem to care that the whole area of her young quim was open to his appraisal...

'Liar,' he snapped and then thrust his finger really deep into her sucking vagina tube.

'Agggher...please...please...' she gasped.

'Still don't know...still don't know.'

His hand moved backwards and forwards so that he was masturbating her like a past master of the female form.

'Aaaaghhh...I do...I do...I do like it,' she sobbed as though ashamed of having to admit her weakness.

'And we might even get you to like having your naughty bottom spanked...and punished properly....'

She did not want to switch on to that wavelength just yet...she was only aware right now of the sheer heat of passionate thrills roaring into her ascending eroticism...

'I am going to lightly spank you...over my knee in a minute and then you will get off home...but next Saturday..when I am stocktaking...you will come back...and then I shall really give your arse a proper spanking...something for you to think about until the weekend.'

FIRE
24

FIRE RETARD
24

Within minutes, Charlotte found herself over John's ample lap...the floor was inches from her nose and she could feel her toes stubbing into the floor the other side of his lap.

She still could not get used to the idea that she was going to be smacked but all that changed very quickly when she felt something like exploding hotness ignite on the cheek nearest his body..then the other cheek too felt the exact equivalent heat when that too received his palm...John was delighted with the response of her jiggling buttocks as his hand caused havoc to her reasoning...the smooth white cheeks were soon taking on the hue of a well spanked backside, but he was grateful for the reasonable sound proofness of the storeroom.

'Oooowwww....oh please...please...my bottom...it hurts, please no more....owwww...no...no,' her vocal imploring tones begged and pleaded...John might just as well have been stone deaf!

He was able to see the soft lips of her sex as her shapely thighs dutifully danced the dance of reactive stinging pain...and he knew that next Saturday was going to be like a mile stone in young Charlotte's life and his...

End of Part One

SPECIAL SELECTION

The memory of Lorna's bouncing, twisting bottom, getting redder and redder all the time, was never far from Barlow's mind as he went about his caretaking duties. Whenever the girl crossed his path in the days ahead, he would pat his jacket pocket, indicating to her he still possessed the incriminating Exam Papers he had caught her copying. She would give him a look of mingled hate and fear and then turn her head as he gave her a sly little grin.

The two of them shared a very personal secret. Both knew it. Barlow loved it; Lorna loathed it.

How unfortunate, said Barlow to himself, that such opportunities so rarely came one's way in life. They were the stuff that dreams are made of. Then he applied his mind to the matter. Passing every day in Barmouth College, surrounded by over 100 students like Lorna, at 17 or 18, he reckoned, a large proportion of them must be up to something. Stealing, blackmailing, drug-trafficking, even. He really ought to try a little investigating on the side. Lorna had been fortuitous; but might not he be able to make some opportunities for himself?

Then a hotly exciting thought filled Barlow's mind.

All those girls Lorna had been going to sell those Exam Papers to the ones studying Modern Business Methods - they were just as guilty as Lorna! Guilty of conspiring to cheat the Examination System. Surely it would not be difficult to find out who they were. Barlow found himself smiling broadly. Not with Lorna's assistance, it wouldn't! As he now so often did, he patted his jacket pocket.

* * *

'You expect me to split on my friends?' Once more in the Copying Room (Barlow had summoned her there by slipping her a note), Lorna was red-faced. Was it anger or the revival of shaming memories? She was wearing dark blue tights and a white woolly mini-dress. He wondered if her bottom still felt sore and if it were still coloured. Still, he didn't think he'd risk finding out. Not for the moment, anyway. Barlow had more important matters to attend to.

'If you know what's good for you, girlie,' he said suavely.

'Don't call me that!' The blue-green eyes flashed and a foot stamped. Once again Barlow had the pleasure of seeing those fulsomely rounded breasts bouncing. He could still vividly recall how delicious they had felt.

'I'll call you what I like,' he said, enjoying his new-found authority. He removed the papers from his pocket. 'I'm afraid these won't go away,' he said. He saw the girl looking at them in an avaricious way. How she would have loved to get her hands on them! 'Well...make up your mind.'

He had seen that look of indecision on her elfin face before. Like when he had told her to show him her tits. She'd done it in the end...and now he guessed she would shop her accomplices so as to stay in the clear. She was harder than her looks suggested, in his opinion.

'It's a right rotten thing you're asking me to do....'

'Isn't it, though? All the same, I reckon it's my duty.' She gave him one of those contemptuously angry looks... which said it all. Duty has nothing to do with it. You just like mauling girls about. Not to mention smacking their bottoms. Barlow had to admit that was true - and couldn't have cared less. 'Last chance,' he said, standing up. 'Just write names on a piece of paper. Tell you what, girlie, I'll arrange things so that they won't know it was you who told me.'

'How are you going to do that?'

'Just leave it to me.' Barlow winked. He hadn't, at that moment, the faintest idea how he was going to arrange that. He watched happily as the girl sat down at a table and began to write.

* * *

The list Barlow received contained half a dozen names, all in the Modern Business Methods class. Excitement at the possibilities opening up, raised his blood pressure several notches. Should he deal with them all at once? Or one at a time? Six naked bottoms would be a real orgy! On the other hand, the whole thing would be over too soon. Beyond that, six girls in a fix and altogether would be far more difficult to handle. They would be able to give each

other moral support and courage. They might well decide not to 'play ball.'. No...one at a time would be best. He would have to suss out who they were, lure them down to that Copying Room, then confront them with the nasty truth. Before dealing with them. Barlow rubbed his right hand thoughtfully. It seemed as if, very soon, it would be glowing again. There were just a few details to be attended to; plans to be made. No problem. His finger probed at the name at the head of Lorna's list.

Jenny Barton...

* * *

The girl was dark-haired and dark-eyed, looking slightly younger than Lorna, with a sharp, impish look on her pretty face. She was wearing the same kind of short tunic-dress. It seemed a kind of uniform. This one's bottle green and the tights were white. It really was a most sexy kind of uniform. No doubt they all knew that!

'It's you - Barlow,' said Jenny in surprise. 'How incredible! Did you get this note to me?'

'I did,' he said. 'Mr Barlow, if you don't mind.' Did those pale pink lips curl a little derisively. Well, she'd soon change her tune. Like Lorna had.

'But...but...it says: **I have something of great importance to communicate to you - affecting your future career. A friend.** How can that be?'

'Simple,' replied Barlow, sitting down, lighting a cigarette and preparing to enjoy himself. 'I have discovered you were in a conspiracy with Lorna Steens, involving stolen Exam papers.' The girl, who had naturally pale cheeks, went paler.

'She...she told on us?' So much for trying to keep her out of it, thought Barlow without regret. Couldn't be helped. He nodded.

'She confessed. I've got positive proof. Names. Everything.'

'Oh Lord...this is ghastly!'

'She took her punishment well, though. Now, as far as she is concerned, the matter is over.'

'P-punishment?'

'That's right. She wouldn't want to tell you about it naturally. Now, however, it's your turn to decide. Punishment...or Miss Allen to be informed.'

Those lips were being bitten; she was beginning to look scared. Very like Lorna had done. 'H-how...how did you punish, Lorna?' came the quavering query.

'I smacked her bottom,' answered Barlow easily - hearing the explosive gasp. 'Best thing for naughty girls like her. And you. Hurts a bit. Then it's all over...and no one any the wiser.'

'She...she let **you** smack her bottom. I...I don't believe it!'

'Ask her, if you like,' grinned Barlow.

'How...how awful!' Hands plucking at that short green skirt, eyes wandering round as if seeking some escape from this dilemma.

'Well, what's your decision, youngster? A smack bottom...or Miss Allen?'

'This...this is **ridiculous**!'

'Not at all,' said Barlow. 'I'm offering you an easy way out. Don't want your budding career ruined, do you? Lorna had the sense to take it.'

The girl sat down and put her hand to her head. 'Let me think...oh...let me think.'

'Take your time,' said Barlow. He stubbed out his cigarette and waited.

* * *

Young Jenny took rather longer than Lorna to come to a decision. As he waited, Barlow wondered about making the girl show him her tits like he had with Lorna. But, as there didn't seem to be a great deal of them, he decided against it. Also, she looked exceedingly nervous. A request like that might push her over the edge. The wrong edge. It would be fatal to his long-term plans if any of them went to the Headmistress. Don't push your luck too far, he told himself.

'Alright...alright...' came the sudden, hurried whisper. 'But..nothing too severe, mind.'

'Just leave that to me, my dear,' said Barlow in fatherly fashion Then he got up and locked the door. Returning, he stubbed out his cigarette, seeing the increased tension and fear. Seated at the upright wooden chair, he crooked his finger and patted his thighs. 'Come along. This won't take long.'

Unfortunately not, he thought. Still, it will seem a damn long time to her!

She was fairy-light over his legs; he felt her trembling; heard her breathing fast. He pulled up the short skirt gently and gripped the tiny waist tight, at once beginning to feel her resist.

'Oh...oh you shouldn't do that!' he heard her half sob. Her bottom's smaller than Lorna's thought Barlow. But no less smackable, for all that. Its curves were neatly rounded. She doesn't look more than seventeen. With a calmness he did not feel inside, he slipped his curving fingers under the elastic at the top of those white tights and tugged sharply, pulling them right down to the bottom of the slim thighs. Jenny shrieked in dismay and resisted more frantically. The little white briefs she wore under the tights got stuck halfway over that girlish bottom. Barlow tugged those down, too, then saw them getting ripped as the girl kicked wildly.

'Oooohhh...you can't...you mustn't!

Ooooh....I didn't ever think...' The voice trailed away in gasping incredulity.

'Didn't think I'd smack you on your bare bottom?' laughed Barlow. 'My dear child, it's the only way!' He pressed his hand to the inviting flesh. It was firm but resilient.

'Stop it...ohhh....sttoooooop it!'

This time, Barlow decided he would be more methodical. First he would place his slaps on alternate cheeks. Say a dozen on each. Then he would smack the whole bottom centrally. Since the bottom was of a relatively small size, many of those slaps, perforce, must fall in more or less the same place. So be it. They would sting all the more.

Barlow raised his flattened palm and whacked it down hard on Jenny's right buttock cheek.

* * *

The girl gasped and squealed loudly from the very word 'Go'. She wriggled beautifully, too, and also, in her wild efforts to avoid the stinging slaps, sometimes twisted almost right over on Barlow's lap. On those occasions a delightful, dark bush would come into view.

Twelve slaps descended on each cheek, delivered at methodical intervals of two or three seconds. The small room filled with the sound of them and Jenny's reactive cries and pleas. Then Barlow paused, partly to ease the burning of his palm.

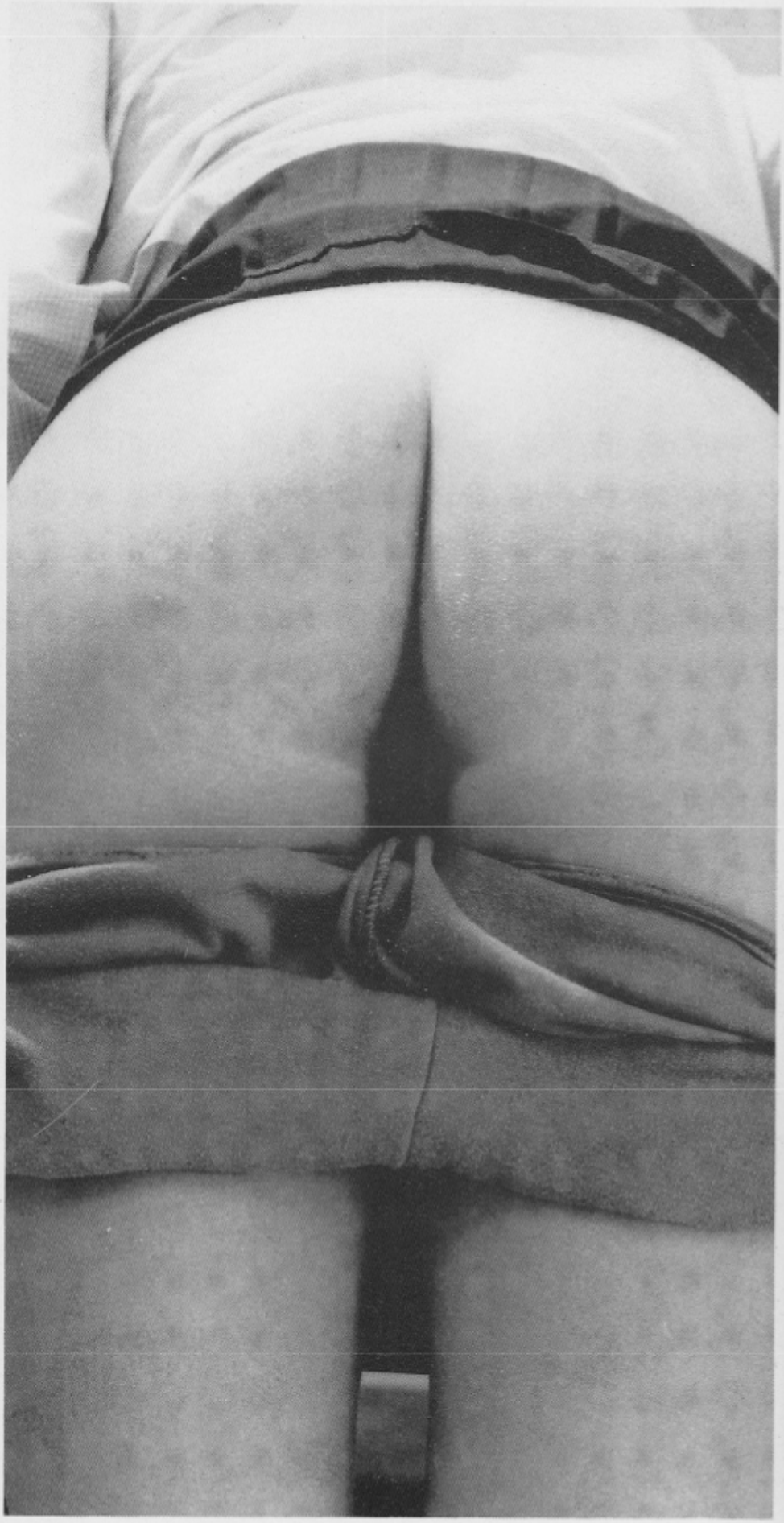
'Let me go...let me goooo!' The pleas were interspersed with heaving sobs.

'I haven't finished with you yet, my girl,' answered Barlow heavily. My, how superbly bright pink those taut, young cheeks were!

'Stop....no more...I can't bear any more!'

Barlow grunted. 'That's what Lorna said,' he replied. 'But she did, oh my word, she did!'

Barlow now concentrated his attentions on the centre of Jenny's rounded bottom. So juvenile looking! Different to Lorna's but absolutely delightful in its own way. Very schoolgirl like. Smaller, yet ripe and succulent. With five more like this to deal with, there's going to be quite a bit of variety,



thought Barlow exultantly. What a treasure trove he had uncovered, quite by accident!

He measured that charming young bottom again..and began to smack and smack. Right into its middle. Hard...hard...hard. Again and again and again. Little Jenny squealed and yelled loudly. Sometimes she screamed and howled. Sometimes she implored Barlow to be merciful. To stop....oooooohhhh...to stop! But Barlow didn't stop. He went on smacking and smacking, as he had intended to from the very beginning, until that deliciously rounded bottom was the deepest red and Jenny was reduced to absolute floods of tears.

This is the life, he said to himself, as he finally released the kicking girl's waist. Two down and five to go. One might be despised, humbly paid...but there could be compensations!

* * *

'Have a word with Lorna,' advised Barlow, once Jenny's tights had been pulled up and she had regained some degree of composure. 'Tell her what happened...and recommend her to talk to those others involved. To me,' he smiled, 'it seems the best way of resolving matters.'

'Mmmmfff...mmmmffff....you are a disgusting old perv.!' Young Jenny almost snarled.

'Really?' Barlow looked quite condescending. 'Frankly, I think I'm helping you kids out of a nasty situation' His fist clenched. 'You all have it too easy these days. Think you can get away with anything. It used not to be like that.' His eyes looked suddenly hot. 'Do you know, if you'd been caught what you've been doing less than a hundred years ago, you'd have been birched! Compared with that, a smack bottom is a let-off!'

The dark-eyed girl regarded him with some amazement, yet, at the same time, he sensed she believed

the truth of what he was saying. 'Girls were really punished in olden times,' said Barlow. 'You don't understand how lucky you are.'

'Lucky?' Jenny pressed her hands to her bottom. It was burning brightly, yet was something which could now be tolerated. 'Ooooh...how can you say that?'

'Just think about it, little one,' he smirked. 'Also, have a quiet word with Lorna. Tell her there'll be others coming down to this Copying Room. She'll understand. <u>But don't tell anyone else!</u>'

'I...I won't ' mumbled Jenny, more tears trickling. 'Oh...I can't believe this has all happened!'

'But it has,' said Barlow gravely. 'And all for the best, I am quite sure. You may go now, child.' He stood up and walked over to unlock the door.

'Don't forget what I have said,' he said warningly. No answer came. Only sobs. Barlow walked across to the table and picked up the list which lay there. Five to go, he said to himself. It was a lovely idea. Then his finger went to the second on Laura's list.

Vera Wainwright.

Just a name. But, he was sure, she was a shapely teenager, who would ultimately submit to his ministrations. Barlow smiled. Perhaps dear Lorna would even have to go through it all again.

A delightful thought.

Certainly one worth considering.

SNOW WHITE AND THE RANDY DWARFS

A tranquil forest glade. Green and golden in the sunlight which filtered down through the leafy branches, with bees and rainbow-hued butterflies buzzing and fluttering here and there. An idyllic seeming spot, but in fact it was deep in the heart of the forest Mogrador. Mogrador, where strong men feared to venture, the haunt of fierce beasts and monsters and the occasional savage outlaw band. In this pretty glade and seemingly oblivious to its dangers beautiful Snow White lay sleeping under a tree. Far away but nonetheless able to see Snow White clearly the wicked witch Glenda gave a mocking laugh.

Snow White knew of the dangers of Mogrador and certainly would never had ventured into it herself. She had in fact been spirited here by Glenda. Discovered in her room in the castle in an unguarded moment and whisked away in a dream. Snow White was still dreaming now but when she woke Glenda would put the thought of Mogrador in her beautiful head so that she would know where she was. Mogrador: that dreaded place. Alone and unprotected. And Glenda would watch and wait, to see her fate: the prey of some savage animal or could it be that the beautiful girl would fall victim to some fierce robber's lust? And we all know what fierce robbers do to beautiful maidens if they catch them alone and unprotected. Especially if they catch them without knickers on. Glenda cackled evilly to herself. She had managed to get Snow White in the process of dressing. So Snow White was now fully dressed...apart from her knickers. Glenda, gazing in her crystal ball, hugged herself with delight.

But what was this? Coming along the little track which led to the glade? Three dwarfs. The dwarfs were not fierce robbers nor were they savage animals. They were just silly simple little people, able to live in the forest because of their skills in woodcraft and a knowledge of a few simple spells that could be used with the wild animals. Glenda ground her teeth. She did not want Snow White found by the dwarfs. Oh no. Where was the fun in that? But...she couldn't stop them.

Big Dick, walking at the head of his two companions, saw her first. Lying asleep under the tree, a beautiful full-grown girl with silky raven tresses and a soft pouting pink mouth. And a seemingly gorgeous shape under that silken dress. Oh boy! Big Dick and Tom and Young Boy crept close. They only rarely saw full-grown humans, the occasional outlaw perhaps, but hardly ever a girl. And such a stunningly lovely girl. Exclamations of awe and wonderment. Tom who did not have much sense of decency was already down on his knees.

Because Snow White was lying with one knee raised. One silk-clad leg could be seen to well above the knee and clearly if you were down in a kneeling position....

'Cut that out, Tom,' hissed Dick angrily. 'You're disgusting!' But Tom wasn't listening. His face was down near ground level. 'Oh my,' he groaned. 'Oh dear me. No knickers! She's got no knickers on.'

Well Big Dick clearly had no choice. He was the eldest and the biggest and if Tom wasn't going to be decent and stop that then he, Dick, had to get down and look as well. And so for that matter did Young Boy. They both got down. And it was true. This stupendous girl had no knickers on. You could see everything. The soft pale thighs above the stocking tops...and what lay between them. A black bush of hair with a central vertical split. It made them fell all swoony just to look at it. Tom let out another groan.

'Oh boy! I'm going to come in my pants!'

Tom had no sense of common decency. But of course both Big Dick and Young Boy also had hard-ons now. They couldn't help it. Dwarfs were by nature somewhat randy creatures and they had never ever dreamt of anything like this. They were all down on hands and knees, rapt, when Snow White began to stir. The spell was wearing off.

'Oh where am I?' she moaned. She had been dreaming a lovely dream in which she was flying on the back of a swan but now she was awake. And immediately the wicked witch Glenda was putting into her mind where she was. The dreaded forest of Mogrador. And...Good Heavens! What was this?

The dwarfs were sheepishly getting to their feet. Even brash

Tom felt a flush of embarrassment at being caught gazing at Snow White's quim. 'Hello!' he said, deciding to ignore his embarrassment. 'We've just, er, found you. I'm Tom and this is Big Dick and Young Boy. Are you lost, pretty girl?'

'Oh dear,' said Snow White, shaking her raven tresses to dispel the last traces of her dream. She knew where she was and she knew what must have happened. Wicked Glenda had been trying to get her, jealous of Snow White's beauty. She must have succeeded. 'I....Is this Mograd or?' she asked. 'Oh by the way I'm Snow White.'

'Snow White!' exclaimed Dick. They had naturally heard of Snow White. She was the most beautiful girl in the kingdom. Because of that the King had taken her to live at his castle so that when she was 20 she would marry his nephew the prince. But it was rumoured, by people who really should not say such things about their King, that in the meantime King Bulgor was screwing Snow White himself. The dwarfs who somehow managed to hear everything, had heard this scandalous rumour. Tom pinched Big Dick's arm and giggled.

'Snow White! Oh my! And you live in the castle with the King and Queen! How super. And does the King, er, tuck you up in bed each night?'

Snow White flushed and said, 'Ah, sometimes.' Tom was whispering to Dick.

'Maybe that's why she doesn't wear knickers. So the King can get his oats whenever he feels like it.'

'What?' asked Snow White. She hadn't really heard the whisper but had caught the word 'knickers'. Then she remembered how the three dwarfs had all been kneeling down looking up her skirt when she woke up. 'Oh God!' she yelped, now at last putting her leg down. She could also remember that scene when she was spirited away. In her room about to put her knickers on. That meant she didn't have any one. And these awful dwarfs....

'Oh God! Really!' she groaned again.

'Don't worry,' said Tom. 'I know girls don't always wear them. And I understand that King Bulgor is quite happy for a pretty girl not to wear them in the castle. Isn't that right?'

'Well, er...' Snow White was not too happy with this talk of knickers. And what had they seen, with her leg up like that...

Young Boy piped up, 'We're quite happy for a pretty girl not to wear them, Snow White. And you are a pretty girl. The prettiest in the kingdom!'

Snow White fluttered her long lashes modestly.

'But look,' said Big Dick. 'That Glenda. And of course all the other nasty things in this forest. It'll soon be getting dark. You'd better come with us, Snow White. To our house. You'll be safe there until the King can rescue you.'

Snow White looked around at the dark woods beyond the glade and shivered. She was very lucky indeed to have been found by the dwarfs. 'Gosh, thanks!' she said. 'If that's alright.'

It was of course, as far as the dwarfs were concerned. There was nothing they would like better. They were randy little creatures, that was the way they were built, Big Dick and Tom especially, but Young Boy as well even though he was still young. All three were tremendously excited by Snow White. She was such a lovely big girl and they had also all seen her lovely black-bushed quim. Fantastic! And if those stories about King Bulgor were true and the King was bonking her every night! Well, once a girl was getting that regularly she wanted it regularly. She needed it. Big Dick licked his lips and twisted his moustache. Oh Boy!

'Stay with us as long as you like,' he told her. 'In fact we could do with someone to help out at home because we have to spend a lot of time out at work in the forest.'

Snow White, on her feet now and at least a head taller than her three companions, said of course she would be happy to help in any way she could. Anything to be safe from Wicked Glenda and all the dreadful things in the forest.

Tom said that was great. 'Of course there'll have to be a bit of discipline. But I'm sure you'll accept that. I expect you were disciplined at home. And the King too - I expect he disciplines you as well.'

Snow White looked a bit blank. Young Boy rolled his eyes. He knew what Tom was talking about. Tom was very keen on discipline where females were concerned. There had been a woodcutter's daughter a couple of months ago. Oh boy! Bumper said Tom would rather discipline a girl than screw her.

Tom licked his lips. 'The cane of course, Snow White. You know the cane surely. And also we sometimes may use a green willow switch. Nice and whippy. Every girl needs something of that sort now and again.'

'Cripes!' Snow White exclaimed. And then, 'Eeekk!' Because Tom had put his hand on her bum through her thin silk dress. The hand might be small but it took a firm hold of the cheek of Snow White's bottom, jiggling it. 'Just seeing what you've got here,' he laughed. He gave Snow White s ripe bottom, which of course was not contained in knickers, a sharp pinch. 'Just testing,' he quipped.

Snow White didn't know what to say, or do. The dwarfs had saved her - possibly from what people called a fate worse than death. But this talk of canes and switches and now Tom's hand squeezing and

pinching her bum. Well...

* * *

The dwarfs' house was hidden away in a clearing in a particularly dense part of the forest, safe and secure from prying eyes. Even Wicked Glenda who knew most things didn't know exactly where it was. So Snow White was safe. Except that is from the dwarfs themselves. There were seven of them altogether of course and the others were at home when the triumphant trio marched in with their large and succulent prize. Snow White! Bumper had Bumper could hardly believe their eyes. Snow White, the most beautiful girl in the kingdom.

'Yes, and she's got no knickers on' chuckled Young Boy. 'We know cos we've all had a look.' Young Boy still being rather young got somewhat over-excited at times.

'Don't worry about Young Boy, Snow White,' said Tom. 'Anyway like we said, you don't have to wear knickers with us. In fact we'll make it the rule. No knickers. In any case we'll need them off for disciplinary sessions.'

'Discipline!' exclaimed Bumper who was almost as keen on that as Tom.

'Of course,' Tom said. 'All girls need discipline. Otherwise they get into all sorts of trouble. So when we've had our tea I'm going to give Snow White her first session. So that she gets the feel of it, you could say.'

There was a lot of laughter at Tom's little joke: the feel of it. Everyone joining in except Snow White, who didn't think it was so funny.

'Look, you chaps. I mean...I haven't done anything.'

'Silence please,' Big Dick told her, adopting his sternest tones. He had to make clear that he was the oldest and was the one in charge.

And anyway although he wasn't quite as keen on discipline as Tom and Bumper he did like to watch.

'I don't want any argument,' he told her. 'You've got to obey the rules, Snow White. Even if you are the prettiest girl in the kingdom.'

'Yes,' put in Tom. 'And you may have to have something special for questioning it.'

Snow White decided to shut up. She clearly had to follow the rules whilst she was here. 'Can I help?' she asked brightly. If she was nice and helpful they just might relent and forget the discipline.

They all set about getting the tea ready, everyone eager to help because Snow White was helping whereas sometimes there would be arguments as to whose turn it was. They all wanted to get close to Snow White and also, in a friendly way, get their hands on her. It was just that they were very friendly and pleased to have her there, Snow White told herself. Because otherwise you could regard a certain amount of it, the hands at her bottom and also straying onto Snow White's nice big tits, as simply feeling her up.

Snow White didn't want to think they were just feeling her up, although clearly if the dwarfs didn't have any wives or girlfriends, as they didn't seem to, not in their house at least, then perhaps they were going to want to do that. Snow White being such a beautiful girl and with such a lovely body naturally knew about being felt up. Men had an urge to do it and the dwarfs were men - or boys in the case of Young Boy and Bimbo.

Snow White had got a bit of feeling up at the castle. From the state dignitaries, the Lord Chamberlain and such like important people, and also more lowly ones, footmen and even common servants. The king didn't like to think that Snow White was being subjected to that sort of thing and told her to report it if it happened. But Snow White being such a nice girl and not wanting to get anyone in trouble, even the Lord Chamberlain who wasn't nice, didn't tell. King Bulgor himself of course could do all the feeling up he wanted, being King. And also the rest of it. Because he was teaching Snow White about the mysteries of marriage so that she would be an excellent and responsive wife to Prince Rupert when she married him.

All of that was gone for the moment. The grand castle and those lessons from King Bulgor and everything else. Here she was in this delightful little house in the depths of the forest with just the seven dwarfs for company. It was still all a bit of a shock but it was exciting too. How long would she be here? Presumably the dwarfs knew the way out of Mogrador and could take her back. But they hadn't said that yet. Clearly she was here for at least tonight. Bustling around helping get the tea and gently fending off a hand here and there, Snow White wondered about the sleeping arrangements. Was there a bedroom for her? With a lock and key?

At the castle she had had a lovely bedroom and with a key so that no one else, the Lord Chamberlain or anyone, could come in when she was in bed or getting undressed. They were always of course pleading with her to let them in.

Everyone from the Lord Chamberlain down to the lowest servant youth. That was because Snow White was such a beautiful girl: they were all so eager to see her body and also no doubt do things to it. Naturally Snow White always said no to such pleadings. The king said she must NEVER let anyone else have her bedroom key, and Snow White didn't. King Bulgor himself of course had his own key to her bedroom. Because he was King.

Was she going to have her own room with her own key here? Because...well, the dwarfs were men with presumably all those

mens' urges that men seemed to have such difficulty in controlling at times.

They all sat round the big wooden table for tea when it was ready. The table was big but it wasn't all that high. Dwarf-high, you could say, and the same went for the benches. Snow White had some difficulty sitting down but managed and said it was quite comfortable, thank you. It wasn't really but she didn't want to hurt their feelings. Everyone naturally wanted to sit next to Snow White but Big Dick and Tom were the ones who did. They were the most senior so no one could really argue, although there was some moaning.

There was a super spread, delicious home-baked bread and cakes and the dwarfs' own jam and honey from the forest. Jimbo was the head cook and when Snow White complimented him he flushed with pleasure and twisted his moustache and said he would teach Snow White some of his culinary skills. Snow White said thank you very much. That would be super but at the same time..she knew she should be thinking about getting back as soon as possible. The dwarfs presumably knew that too. But she didn't say anything, not wanting to give the impression that all she wanted was to get away from them.

In any case there was almost immediately something else to think about, which was what was happening under the table. Snow White's dress was being pulled up, by Tom first and then Big Dick also getting in on the action when his exploring hand found out what Tom was doing. There was nothing Snow White could do, she obviously couldn't cause a stir. All she could do was try to ignore it. Her skirt came right up and both dwarfs got theirs hands on Snow White's bare thighs above her silken stocking tops. And there was the awful thought - what she knew and they knew - that she had no knickers on.

Cripes!

Both hands were now clearly indicating that she should open her legs! Cripes!! That was a bit much even if they had rescued her. But...what could you do? Snow White's lovely thighs reluctantly did what was required of them. They slid apart.

Snow White gave an involuntary little squeak. Both hands had at once made for her unprotected pussy. Tom's as it happened got there first. At that lovely black-bushed womanhood that King Bulgor was so keen to instruct in its proper womanly function. So that in due course Snow White would be able to give exquisite wifely pleasure to Prince Rupert. Tom's questing hand was on it. And....Cripes! Double Cripes! Snow White felt herself sweating. Tom's busy hand...and then Big Dick's hand making Tom's hand go away...so that it could go in that warm, moist nest itself. Burrowing in.

'Are you hot, Snow White?' wondered young Bimbo. 'It is hot in here.'

Snow White shook her head weakly. Bumper, who was next oldest to Tom and Big Dick and was angry that he wasn't sitting next to Snow White, said, 'I hope those two characters aren't annoying you, Snow White.'

Snow White, not trusting herself to speak, shook her head again. Big Dick glared at Bumper. 'Anyone for more seed cake?' asked Jimbo.

* * *

After tea they all went outside, to show Snow White their garden. Snow White when she got up from the table almost fell down again. Her knees were like jelly. That Tom and Big Dick! Those hands! It had been worse than sitting next to the Lord Chamberlain at the castle, which was saying something. They had just kept on. Two incredibly knowing small hands. One after the other...

Snow White staggered out, into the lovely late afternoon sunshine. Young Boy was asking her what was her favourite flower. Snow White's head was in such a spin that she couldn't think of any.

Tom said, 'We'll have a quick look round and then we've got that discipline session, remember.'

Oh Cripes! Snow White had forgotten that. Hadn't he had enough, with what he had been doing at the table? What she had let them do. But unfortunately that had only made Tom feel randier. And when he felt randy he wanted to get his cane...

'I think you are the most beautiful flower in the garden, Snow White,' said Bimbo, flushing slight. 'You are the most beautiful flower in the kingdom.'

Snow White smiled at Bimbo. She especially liked the younger dwarfs, Bimbo and Young Boy. They weren't talking about disciplining her and she was sure if they had sat next to her at tea they wouldn't have been doing what Tom and Big Dick did.

Bimbo was obviously encouraged by Snow White's smile. 'She's got the most beautiful face and I think she's got the most beautiful body. I think she's got the most beautiful boobs.'

Snow White flushed. Young Boy exclaimed, 'Yes, I bet she has. Can we see them, Snow White? Please.'

Snow White said sharply 'No!' Big Dick said he didn't think Young Boy and Bimbo were old enough to see them, but Snow White could show the rest of them. 'No!' she gasped again. But they all started clamouring. Tom said, 'Why not, Snow White? Aren't we your friends?'

Snow White bit her lip. There was still the very nasty thought of that discipline. She didn't want to show

her tits but perhaps if she did....'Look, you fellows,' she said. 'If...if I do can we forget about the discipline?'

'Certainly not,' retorted Tom quickly. 'And you must not try to lay down conditions, Snow White. That sort of thing can get a girl some extra hard discipline. Now come on. Get that dress open. If you please.'

Cripes! There didn't seem to be any way to avoid it. Snow White did of course have very beautiful tits and was proud of them, but that didn't mean she liked showing them to people, to men. They got men very, very excited for one thing. She had been told they were the most beautiful in the kingdom. By King Bulgor no less, and also others as well. Nervously she began unbuttoning the little buttons of her bodice. She didn't wear a bra, she didn't need to, and anyway the King wouldn't let her. Snow White's tits in spite of their size needed no support whatsoever. She glanced around at the eager faces...and then pulled her bodice wide open.

Gasps of amazement and wonder from all the dwarfs - including Bimbo and Young Boy who had been allowed to stay and see. The big tits were incredibly lovely and also of course sexy. All the dwarfs immediately had hard-ons, Young Boy and Bimbo as much as the older ones. They crowded round Snow White, with extremely horny expressions on their faces.

Snow White flushed bright red. Cripes! Her big red nipples were stiffening up and there was nothing she could do about it. Cripes!! She had never shown her tits to an audience of seven before. Never. The most before had been three, when there had been two Very Important Visitors to the castle and the Lord Chamberlain after some whispering with them had made Snow White open her dress. She had hated doing it and she was sure if the King had been there he wouldn;t have made her, but he had been out hunting. But this was even worse than that.

'Oh Gosh!' breathed Young Boy rolling his eyes. 'Just look! Her nipples have got all big. Yum! I'd like to suck one.'

'Cut that talk out,' said Big Dick sharply. 'You may be only a youth, Young Boy, but you're certainly not a baby. You shouldn't really be seeing this.'

Apart from Young Boy's awful suggestion - well it would be awful in front of them all, though as he was quite a sweet boy Snow White probably wouldn't have minded if they were alone - they all wanted to touch. But thankfully Big Dick, who could be a bit of a moralist where the others were concerned, said no. For one thing with seven of them, or five excluding Young Boy and Bimbo, there would be too much argument.

'And anyway,' Tom said, 'let's get on with her discipline.' Snow White's lovely tits were making him even more horny and eager to get to work with his cane.

So they all went inside again, Snow White after a bit of argument being allowed to do her dress up. 'I don't want it' she yelped, but that wasn"t going to alter anything. Indeed seeming scared would only make Tom even more excited and keen. 'Oh Boy!' breathed Bumper, rubbing himself. This was going to be really fantastic. A whole lot better than the woodcutter's daughter who although pretty enough obviously didn't compare with Snow White.

'You young ones aren't going to watch,' Big Dick said sternly. 'Young Boy and Bimbo off to bed. For one thing when we've got her dress up she'll probably be showing her quim and that's not the sort of thing you youngsters should be looking at.'

That inevitably caused a lot of shouting and argument 'I've already seen it,' pleaded Young Boy. 'Remember?'

'I don't give a toss about that,' Big Dick told him. 'You shouldn't have. I shouldn't have let you but I can't be watching you every minute of the day. Now get up the stairs.'

They went up, muttering to themselves. Snow White felt a bit sorry for them. It was unfair, if the older dwarfs were going to watch. But then she thought, what am I thinking: what about me? It's my bottom he's going to be caning.

'Get your dress up,' ordered Tom. 'And bend over the table.'

Oh Cripes! Oh awful dreadful Cripes! 'Please...' she pleaded.

'Get it up round your waist or got it right off.' Tom was really in his element

Oh cripes! How unspeakably awful. With five hot-eyed dwarfs intently watching. Think of what the alternative would have been, Snow White told herself. Some savage wild animal, or a dreadful lust-crazed band of robbers. That would have been much, much worse. She tried to convince herself. And tried not to think. As she hoisted up the skirt of her beautiful dress.

'Right up!' Tom's eager voice. 'No need to be shy here, Snow White.'

She did it. Not knowing where to look.

'That's it. Now turn round. Slowly...so we can all have a good look.'

Oh Cripes! Oh Jiminy!

'Right. Now get over the table. You've got a really lovely bum, Snow White, but like all girls' bums it needs disciplining.'

Bending over the table. Which just a little earlier had been spread with all those super cakes and things. Now it was just Snow White spread over it. The upper part of her body, her lovely face, the full

pink lips parted to let out her gasping breath. Oh dear! Oh...Oh...

Tom, glinting eyed, was giving her beautiful bare bottom a preliminary feeling up - under the guise of getting her in just the right position. And then his right hand held the cane. Long and slim, a whippy cane rattan. The other dwarfs all holding their breath. Bumper and Jimbo were also holding the fronts of their trousers. The cane sweeping up. And then hissing down.

THWACK!

'Aaaiieeek....aaooohhhhh!'

Oh dear! Oh Jiminy Cripes! The big ripe bottom writhing and rolling. In sheer agony.

'Don't move now! Keep that bum still!' Tom's cane was slicing up again. And then descending.

CRACK!!!

More hideous howls

And more.

* * *

The big owl hooted as he swooped over the house deep in the forest. Night was falling and evil things were around. Even the dwarfs who knew the ways of the forest would not venture out after nightfall. The house was securely locked, and silent. Not a sound apart from the owls's hoot. Unless it was Snow White's quiet sobbing against her pillow.

Her poor bum was still raw. Like raw meat. Had it been necessary for Tom to do it like that: just as hard as he possibly could? But he had said it was necessary, that was the only way to give girls discipline: make sure it really hurt. He had afterwards offered to put some soothing cream on it - in fact all the dwarfs had wanted to do that for her. Snow White had refused all offers of sympathy. 'I think you're vicious and horrible,' she told Tom. It had come out a bit garbled because she was sobbing, but he must have got the gist.

Snow White heard another eeerie hoot of the owl. Her bottom still felt terrible, but things could have been worse. She could still be out there in dreadful Mograd or, whereas she was in a snug, warm bed in a snug little bedroom. She wriggled under the covers. She was nude of course, the way she always went to bed at the castle. That was what King Bulgor liked and it now seemed natural. King Bulgor. He was a long way away at this moment. Presumably getting very worked up about her. Oh dear!

Then she heard a sound. Not the owl and not her own sobbing, which had mostly stopped. A creaky sound. Was it..the door?

Far away in her mountain hideaway Wicked Glenda strained her eyes at her crystal ball. It was not easy to see clearly with the dwarfs having put one of their silly little spells on the place. But what was this...?

THE PENANCE PART TWO

FIRE R
JU
B

FIRE RETARDANT BEADS

John wondered whether the shock to her system might cause Charlotte to have second thoughts about the attitude of penance that he had outlined for her. After all said and done young ladies did not usually lend themselves willingly to having their clothes removed for a spanking. He did have some misgivings regarding her response once she had left the hop and it nagged him well into the next day. The memory of her young naked torso was very much in his mind and the tormenting picture of her rounded bare bottom was well imprinted on his mind. He wanted to see more of it. He wanted to see it in an even more emphasised pose for punishment...like bending right over...over the back of the chair and even touching her toes. He was aching to see just how far she could open her legs with her knees bent...

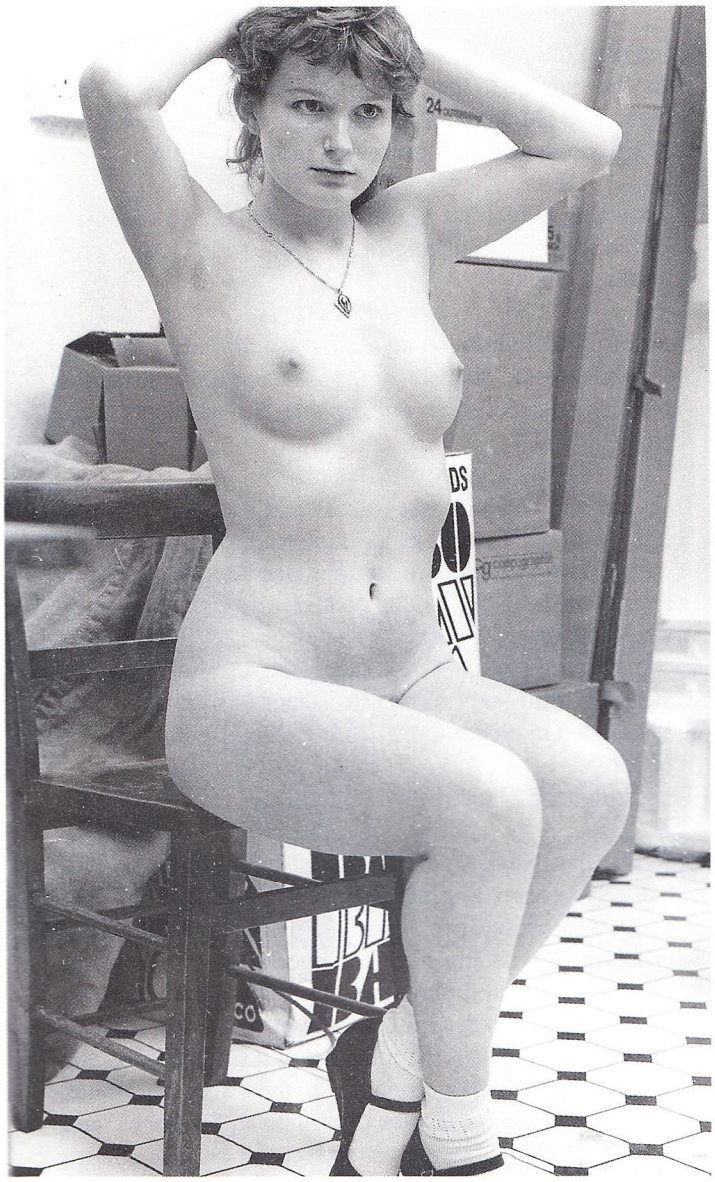
John discovered that he could be very inventive when he put his mind to it! There was no doubt that Charlotte certainly had a most attractive body; her skin and shape were an attractive match...and as he recalled the whole session they had had together so he recalled just how docile she had been. Not in the usual sense of the word. Oh, she had protested alright, but not with the vehemence that he would have expected. It was rather nice to have her pleading and yet knowing that all the pleading in the world would not prevent the eventual outcome. She would have thought him a real old fool, if having got her stripped off, he had suddenly changed his mind and let her off the hook. What sort of idiot would ever contemplate such a finale?

A stripped young girl, who has already been threatened with a good spanking can hardly expect the punishment to be called off when she is posing herself in the most exacting of attitudes waiting for the ultimate conclusion and it just did not make sense for him to go through all the trouble of making her undress only to tell her to "piss off" and be good in the future!

John was reasonably certain that Charlotte expected the punitive treatment that he had meted out and that she could expect a furtherance of that treatment on the Saturday. He had warned her anyway what to expect....a glowing sense of deep warmth started to penetrate him as he gave some thought to what he would be able to demand and make her do when she showed up on Saturday.

Charlotte, herself, was still responding to a sense of bemusement! The episode with old John had left her with decidedly mixed feelings. First, there was the deep humiliation. The shame and the terrible defencelessness that she felt when he was directing her to strip. The posing and the absolute necessity to be positively obedient without even appearing to protest. Was an emotion she could hardly cope with and yet she knew that there was no option. She had to admit that she felt a strange, even an unforbidding tingle of excitement at the very idea that she was being made to undress and pose herself for his visual and digital inspection. To have to stand absolutely still, exposed as he directed, and then to have to "suffer" his

FIRE R



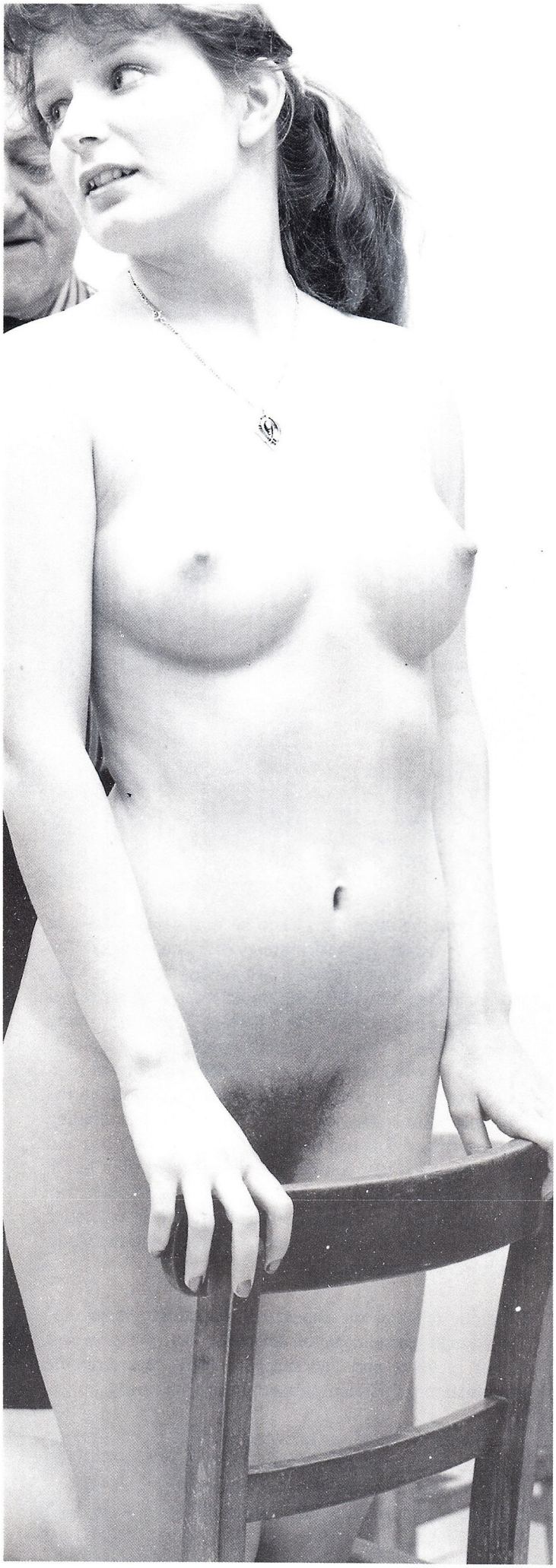
fingers feeling her in all the soft, intimate places, made little tingling sensations thrill through her young torso.

When she recalled how he had spanked her bare bottom, that too sent shivers rippling through her system. The absolute helplessness of the position that she found herself seemed somehow to add to a peculiar sensuousness. She had to grudgingly admit that when he made her part her ankles and then touched her body in her sensitive sex area, the whole situation had taken on tones of pleasurable reactions. She was young, she was attractive and she was human! To have to stand so passive whilst old John touched her up seemed to do something bordering on the erogenous! She recalled how her pussy had responded when his fingers were stroking between the lips and how she felt the warmth of eroticism invading her senses. And he had not really spanked her with a vigorous action. Spanking she had most certainly received and her bottom felt the heat of the resulting sting for a long time afterwards, but there had been none of the awful fire that she had suffered when her own father chastised her when she was a smaller girl. He had used a strap and not his hand, but with old John there had been something rather sexy about having to lay over his knees, his free hand fondling her delightful breasts, whilst his right had been employed changing the colour of the skin of her bum.

It had been the aftermath, when he had released her and she had rushed from the storeroom and was in the confines of her own bedroom, her panties thrust from her and her bottom now thrusting towards the long mirror so that she could examine the "damage" that our young heroine realised that the warmth now radiating all over the slightly reddened cheeks was something that was akin to a caress from a lover! The warmth had spread to the love spot between her legs and it was like a masturbating emotive finger! She had to sit on the edge of her bed and thrust her hand between her lovely legs to feel her quim, and having started to feel herself, there was no other way out than to carry on helping the pulsating heat of erotica to increase until her own fingers were receiving the warm juices of her excitement!

Charlotte felt that she should not be actually "enjoying" the strange phenomena of sexuality, but she was still tender in years and had much to learn regarding the machinations of passion-pleasure from spanking.

It was with an air of not knowing what to expect or what was to happen when she reported to John in the storeroom the following Saturday. It was after hours and he was there to do the stock taking. Fortunately, they were more



alone than the previous week. The security guard, pleased with the excuse to get off for a few more hours had happily left old John to do his work and so there were only Charlotte and the storekeeper in the building.

'Now young lady, I am pleased to see you are so contrite,' he referred to her blushing face. 'Take your clothes off,' he ordered her.

It was truly delightful to be able to stand there watching the nubile torso, shapely and most certainly attractive slowly being exposed as one by one her garments were shed.

Then she was left with just panties and she gave him one last, what he interpreted as an imploring look, and seeing no compromise in his stern features, she slipped the last of her modesty from her body. Awkwardly, she stood nude before him. His very serious countenance did not pretend to be studying anything else except for the light triangle form of her fluffy pubic hair. Her Mons was easily visible as it rounded in an attractive arc like a light-bulb.

'Hands on head,' he directed.

She lifted her hands in an attitude of deep reluctance, but at last she was standing perfectly postured before him and her young thrusting firm breasts, uptilted and with no sag whatsoever, was facing him in a cheeky pose of begging him to take them and play with them. They were like two globes with an inner spring mechanism! As he reached for them and then held them, he heard a slight hiss as she gasped in the thrilling response to the sweet sensations that were making her nipples throb into stalky knobs, and they seemed to jiggle very attractively. John was able to tweak the hard stalks and she looked down as she felt her elbows actually trying to get farther back so as to enhance the forward thrust of her titties. As John tweaked and played so Charlotte discovered sexual feelings that she never even knew about! The throbbing emotion now filling her breasts were travelling like shock waves into her lower tummy. The feeling of sexuality being infused into her globes was now actually travelling along a line inside her body to encircle the lips of her sex! She had never experienced this before, and then he was only using his left hand to fondle the now very, very firm breasts, and reached round to squeeze the cheeks of her young bottom. When he had done this before, Charlotte recalled the terrible shame that she had suffered. Now she found herself actually enjoying the sweet thrills that he was able to instil inside her, one hand on her hardened titties and the other travelling freely all over the rounded cheeks of her naked buttocks.

'Turn round.'

She faced the opposite direction and now, his left hand was able to encircle her to feel the ripe fruits of her bosom, and his right was able to stroke over both cheeks of her bottom. He noticed how her confused young torso was trying to thrust out at the upper half whilst at the

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same time she was attempting to push out the cheeks of her excited lower half.

'Sit down,' he told her.

Still clutching her hands to her head, Charlotte, now very red in her face, was still suffering the wavelets of shame and humiliation. Her thighs were ordered wide apart and John was now able to study the soft valley of her quim.

'You have played with yourself since we last met.'

She was surprised. How could he tell??? Surely her cuntie did not reveal the fact that she had masturbated?

'I...I....' she stuttered.

'Don't try to deny it,' his face was still very stern.

'Well...I sort....of...well....you know,' she was very confused in the depths of her deep shame.

'Admit it,' he snapped.

'I did...I did,' she agreed in almost indecent haste and in response to his terrible anger!

'How many times have you played with yourself since last week?'

This was awful. It was not the sort of thing a young girl liked to discuss.

'Twice,' she murmured miserably.

'Nice was it?'

Charlotte began to think this was even more rude than having to sit like this with no clothes on!

'Well...yes, I suppose it was,' she inwardly wriggled.

'There is nothing wrong with wanking,' he seemed to excuse her some miscreation.

She thought boys wanked, girls masturbated or played with themselves!!

'It is quite a harmless practise...show me how you did it.' Charlotte blinked hard. Was he serious? Did he really expect her to "wank" in front of him?

'I don't think I can,' she said aghast.

JUMBO
BEAN

'Then I shall do it for you.'

Her mouth, dry, fell open...she was not sure what she considered worse, him doing it himself, as he put it, or having to perform in front of him.

She already had her shapely thighs spread wide and as he started to approach her, she tentatively reached down and felt the puffy lips of her slightly opened ravine...he smiled contentedly....

'That's better....'

She was very anti this sort of exhibition and reacted to no pleasure at all...her pussy felt just the same as if she was touching any other part of her body...there was just no response...then he leaned forward and his fingers brushed her's away...then he made her pose, hands on head, legs as far apart as possible and then his hand was stroking and touching her intimate area....

'Oooowerr....ooooh....' a surprised choke erupted from her mouth as he found her sensitive clitoris...and once he started to stroke the bud, Charlotte discovered a new sensation in sexuality...Her bottom started to work itself towards the edge of the chair..and then she was pushing her legs as wide as possible...

'You like me wanking you don't you,' he was using a half angry tone...but it only seemed to make her even more helpless.

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'Yes...yes,' she almost shrieked in her paradoxical state of pleasure and shame....

'Tell me so young Charlotte...tell me you like me wanking you.'

'I do....John...I do...I do...I love you wanking me,' she could not believe her own helpless reaction...it was as though he truly had bondaged her very body, soul and mind to his own way of thinking.

'And you know I am going to continue your punishment soon...don't you??'

'Yes..yes, I do...oh yes...my pussy...it feels so niiiice,' she choked.

Charlotte just could not understand what had happened to her. From a quiet respectable young lady, she had been transformed to a screaming nymphomaniac type of tart! And her quim was full of pure excitement. it was as though he had some magic lotion to his finger tips that was able to produce the most marvellous feeling inside her body....

'Oooh...John...I love it...I love it...please wank me...wank me lots and lots,' she gasped.

She had discovered a new word and she was not averse to using it...she felt that she wanted to please him..she no longer cared that he was going to make her respond to every type of indignant pose later on...and she no longer cared that he was going to make her arse sting...if it ended up with the same feelings as last week then she would not mind at all. At least he had not threatened to cane her or strap her as her Daddy did when she was a smaller child.

He did at least stop before she reached a climax. He sent her to the ladies to freshen herself up and when she eventually returned, he had placed the chair in a more advantageous spot. From here he would be able to really study the rounded bottom because the positioning of the lights...and he had a deep inner desire to see her backside postured in a most proper manner for his intended chastisement.

'Kneel on the chair,' his sombre voice ordered.

On shaky knees, Charlotte clambered onto the chair seat and placed her hands on the chair back top to prevent her toppling. Again, that strange sensation started to erupt inside her as his hands traversed the rounded cheeks of her bottom. She purposefully kept the cheeks softly relaxed and then she was waiting when she felt his hand raise from her body. She knew instinctively that he was about to spank her, and she was not wrong. The hand caused a stinging reaction, similar to last week, and then both cheeks were stinging. She tried hard not to call out and wanted to concentrate on the heat of the spanking as though expecting that same strange unexplainable caressing sensation she had felt when she arrived home last time...then as his hand became harder, and the spanking palm came down more severely, so her pelvis thrust forward each time he increased the fiery sting on both cheeks...

'Ah...owww.....oh please...my bottom...it hurts...please ...please....' her pubes were now thrust hard against the top of the chair back...and she was trying to wriggle her bottom to lessen the hardness of the hotness as much as she could.

'On your feet,' he told her.

She felt the respite and thought he had finished...but he stood her at the back of the chair and told her to place her hands on the seat itself, but she was still rubbing her nates ruefully as she leaned over most reluctantly. Now he was able to study the perfect roundness of her bottom as he ensured she pushed it right back into the proper position for his spanking hand...he gave her slight relief as he stroked the reddened nates, but this was more for his own pleasure rather than to help relieve the throbbing hot waves eddying over and through her bottom.

'Oooowerrrr...oh no...no please,' her voice had once again taken up the psalm of response to the hand stroking down onto her bottom which she was now able to wriggle and writhe about.

It was a reaction that he had not expected and he gathered the fullest pleasure at seeing her curvy, rounded bum as she thrust it about to the meter of the pain heat which was erupting inside her...Charlotte never would have thought that such fierce hot pain could be instigated into her bottom and she could not possibly be aware of the pleasure she was giving him simply by jerking her hips about each time his palm struck her.

He thought she was over reacting! He did not honestly feel that he was truly laying it on, and he was fairly certain that all her protests were only being solicited in an effort to move him to sympathy...Alright, he had to agree that her arse was certainly red...very red...but he could not accept that she was really suffering the agonies of the dammed.

'Bend right over,' she heard the awful command.

'I...I am,' she choked.

'No..I mean right over...move your hips forward,' he insisted on her now really presenting her bottom.

She was surprised, and even more distressed when he had her with her pelvis now on the chair back top rail....he then told her to push her hands and arms down the legs at the front of the chair and he was not satisfied until she was fully stretched...as he stood immediately behind her, he was pleased at the spectacle she was giving him. Then he spread her ankles so that her feet too were at the open apart posture...now he could enjoy a view of her body that she could not possibly envisage he was having...

Again, Charlotte suffered the ignominy of his hands feeling and touching her, and it was when he stroked his palm up the inside of her thighs that she realised just what she was revealing to him!

'Ooowww....' her voice seemed to tremble as she felt his seeking fingers actually stroking the lips between her legs...her vulva area was well exposed and he was able to help her feel a slight response to sexuality as he titivated the hot slot...and it was then that Charlotte felt the same, strange erotic thrills that she had felt last week when she had arrived home...now, the insistent wavelets of sweet passion thrills were making her more and more confused. Surely a spanking on her bottom should not be able to make her feel like this?

When he ceased, she felt almost disappointed! Then her disappointment was yet again replaced by the renewed vigorous fire...one leg at a time lifted as she "danced" with the sizzling blistering heat of her skin. The spanking went on and on until even John was feeling uncomfortable in his gnarled hand...he wished he had thought to bring a cane. So he stopped and watched the twitching cheeks of her bottom as her ankles left the ground one at a time to continue to attempt in some measure to stop the agony of her bum.

'Stand up.'

Thank heaven she thought. He led her to a smaller table...

'Lay on that,' he directed her.

She gave him a look of frightened response. Surely he was not going to do something sexual to her...that would be awful! Penance and punishment were one type of thing...but no way did she expect him to let him do something like THAT to her?

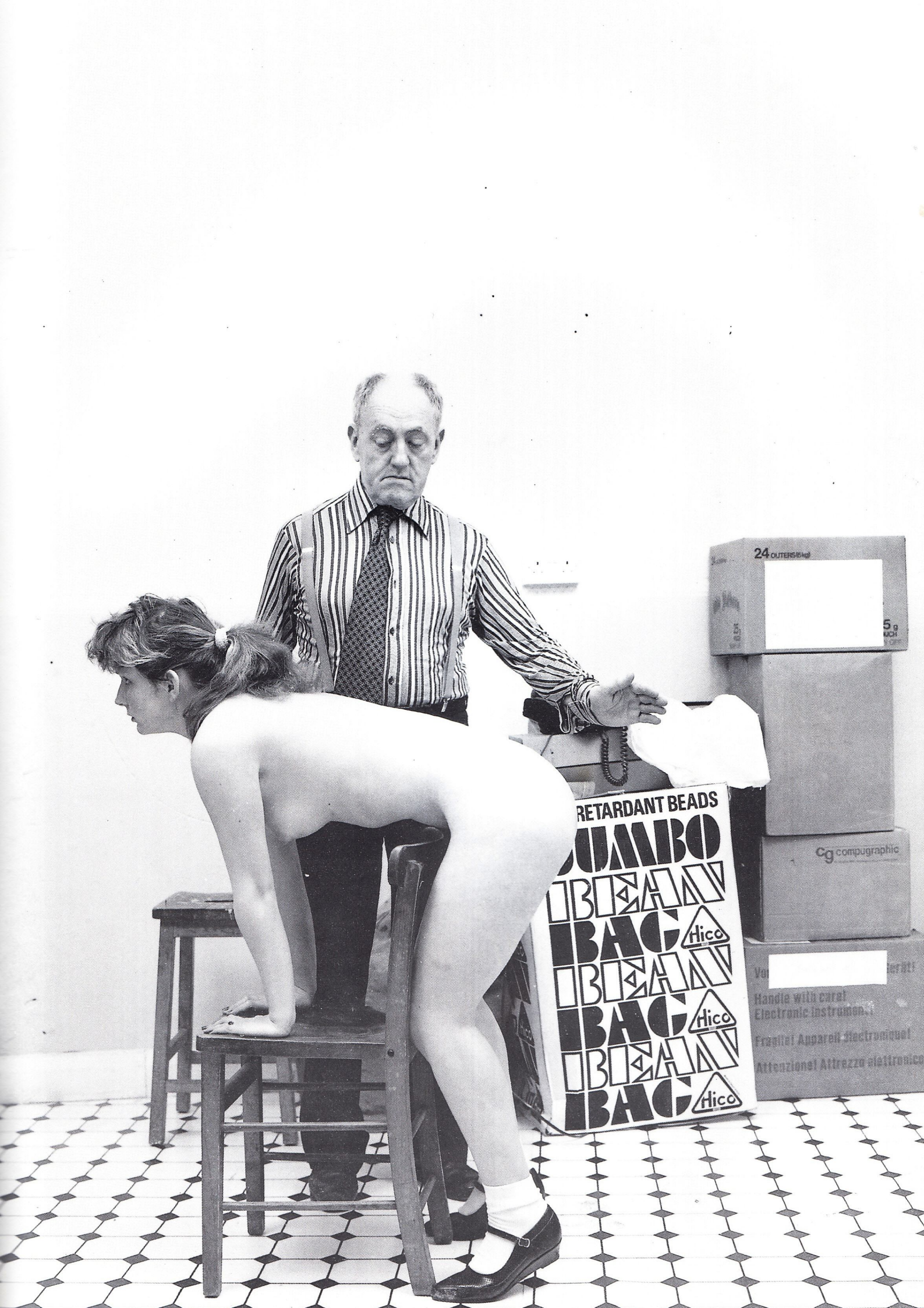
She did not care that he registered her reluctance.

'Don't worry...I'm not going to fuck you,' he snapped.

She did not even think to mentally register her shock at his words...she was too relieved at his reassurance that he was not going to actually "fuck" her. Prim and proper she might be, but she knew the meaning of the words! She eventually lay on her back, her shapely legs draped down and well opened...he studied fully now the ravine of her sex and played with her for a while...then he told her to draw her legs up to her body and to bring her knees up to her chin...after she had placed her arms beneath her legs to keep them held tightly against her chest, John was able to view her in her most bent up pose...the hole of her intimate area was now open to his inspection....

'I think that we shall start out with this position next time you come to pay your penance,' he told her.

Charlotte was too busy trying not to beg him to stroke her even harder...once again, his astute fingering of her quim had started to arouse her...and it seemed to her that because she had taken such a long and well arranged spanking, her sexual excitement had been even better.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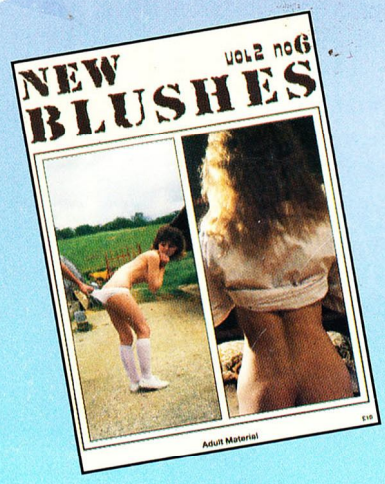

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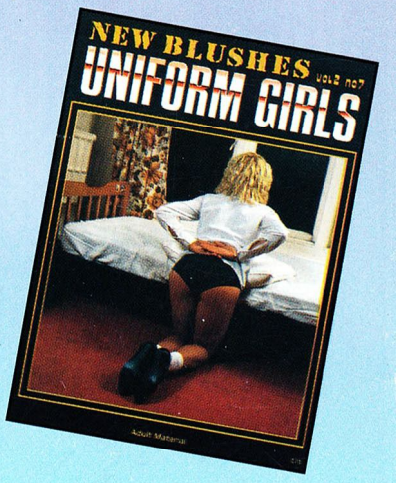

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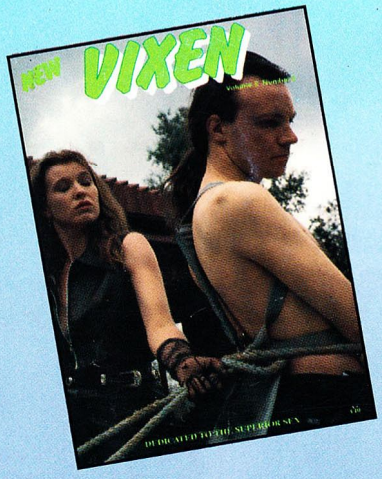

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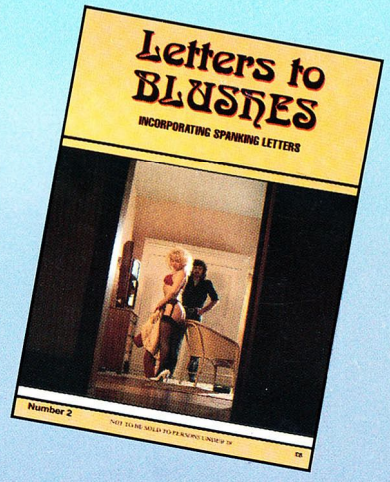

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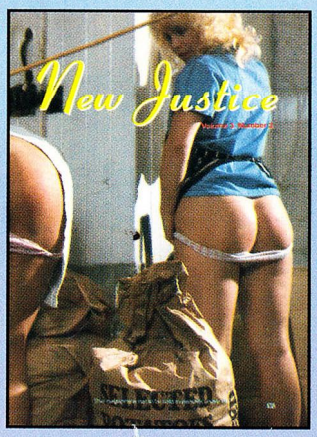

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